

FRENCH KISS 5

ANOTHER FINE SCAN BY WHYLD GOOSE JANUARY, 2003

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

December 2002

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Editorial

ONWARD WE GO!

It's hard work, but it pays. I mean, the hard work of the past three months spent selecting and preparing the material for our favorite erotic magazine paid off when we heard that coincidentally, it's your favorite, too. And that's when we didn't have a single doubt. It's like this: our first edition sold out quickly and we had to run a second printing. Then Walter, who handles the email and letters we get, told me that we should be pretty satisfied with all the positive feedback we'd gotten because he'd never seen anything like it in his life. And if you want more, in this issue we give you:

Noe tells us in his very funny story about basketball, saintliness and never-ending sex that when a delicious hottie comes around, even miracles are possible.

Ferocius offers us the torrid coming togethers and falling outs of Malcom and Melba in a full-color series not recommended for the weak of heart.

Alvaro delights us with the sexy deeds of Wanda Wolfe, our favorite man-eating detective.

Chiyoji Tomo reinvents the myth of the horny and ready-toplease nurse in Miss DD, the most explicit hental in the history of comics.

In our issue #3, it was Solano Lopez who gave us such a sizzling description of the pleasures of sex in outer space, and now it's the award-winning Daniel Acuña who shares his ideas of the joys of intergalactic flesh in a comic that unites the craziest science fiction with the hottest humps this side of the galaxy.

These are just a few of the treats that await you just beyond this page. See the rest for yourself. Welcome again to the warm world that we create for you each month, with all the affection in the

world, between the covers of each issue of French Kiss. So, relax, now you're in good company. Come along with us and enjoy the ride. In just a moment, everything will turn out just great. That's it, follow me, just to the right. There you go.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition: December 2002

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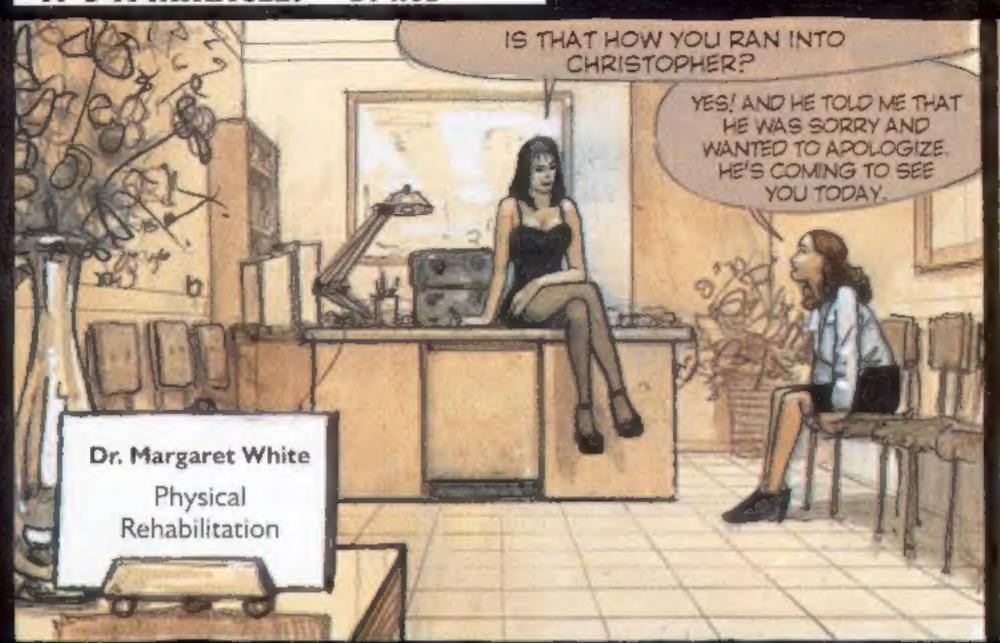
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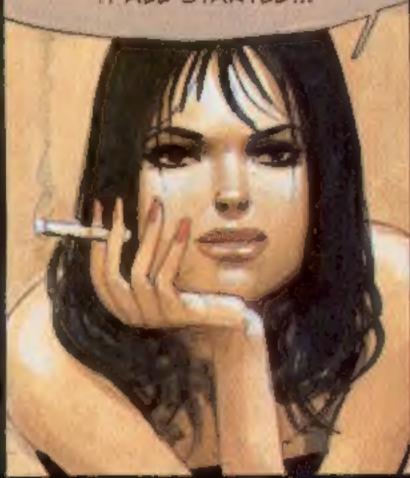
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CHRISTOPHER...SO MUCH TIME HAS PASSED... I REMEMBER HIS FIRST GAME AFTER THE OLYMPICS, WHEN IT ALL STARTED...





HE WAS THE GOLD MEDALIST IN BASKETBALL AND WAS THE TEAM'S BIG STAR. I WAS ONLY A PHYSICAL EDUCATION TEACHER WHO WAS TALKED INTO WORKING AS A CHEERLEADER.



WHEN I WAS GETTING CHANGED IN THE DRESSING ROOM, I FELT LIKE SOMEONE WAS WATCHING ME. AT FIRST IWAS SCARED, BUT THEN! WAS CONVINCED IT WAS HIM. I CONTINUED LIKE IT WAS NO BIG DEAL. LADMIRED HIM.



I COULD FEEL
HIM WATCHING
EACH OF MY
MOVEMENTS. HIS
PRESENCE WAS
SO STRONG THAT
FOR A MOMENT,
I THOUGHT HE'D
MAKE MY BRA FLY
OPEN, JUST
LOOKING AT IT.

AND I WAS
SURE THAT HE
WOULD HAVE, IF I
HADN'T ALREADY
TAKEN IT OFF. I WAS
SCARED THIS
EXTRAORDINARY
FACT WOULD KILL
THE MOOD WE
WERE SETTING.







NO ONE DOUBTED THAT THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN WHEELCHAIR BASKETBALL WOULD BE OURS THAT YEAR.

I TOOK A LONG TIME IN THE DRESSING ROOM. WHEN I CAME OUT, THE STADIUM WAS EMPTY.





BUT HE WAS THERE ...











HIS HANDS RAN ALL OVER MY SKIN AND UNDER MY CLOTHES, TOOK HOLD OF MY FLESH AND POSSESSION OF MY BODY.



I WAS A GENTLE DOLL THAT MOVED INTO ALL THE POSITIONS HIS WHIMSY DICTATED.



HIS ARMS WERE SO STRONG, TURNING ME IN THE AIR WITH SHOCKING POWER AND EASE.



AND HIS HANDS, HIS HANDS! THEY WERE HUGE, THE FINGERS SO AGILE. THEY EXPLORED ALL MY OPENINGS.



CONSECUTIVE ORGASMS.



I DIDN'T WANT TO SCREAM, SO I STAYED TREMBLING IN HIS ARMS A LONG TIME.



STADIUM BASEMENT.





WHEN I CAME TO, I MOVED MY HAND DOWN TO STROKE HIS CROTCH AND FOUND WHAT I'D FEARED: A LIMP COCK.

HE DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING BELOW THE WAIST, BUT I HAD A FAVOR TO RETURN. SO I KISSED IT AND TOLD HIM:





AAH ... HIS MOUTH DID WHAT HIS FINGERS HAD DONE.



I DANCED GRACEFULLY, BUT I FELT LIKE IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

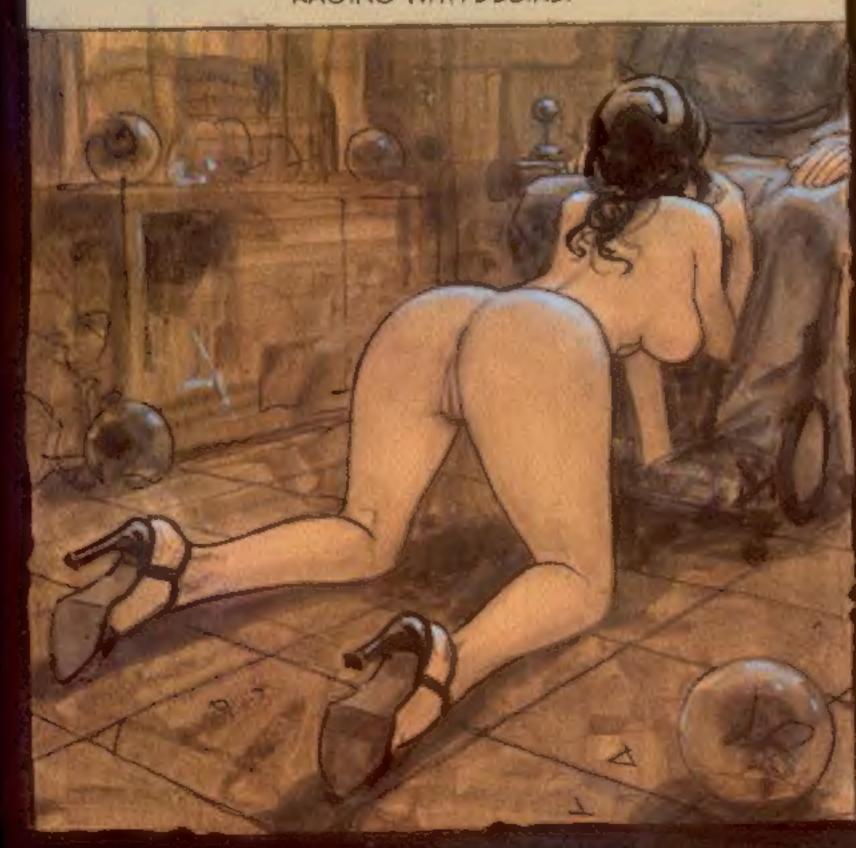


SO I STARTED TAKING OFF MY CLOTHES ...



AND I DID IT WITH SO MUCH PASSION THAT I GOT EXCITED MYSELF JUST THINKING ABOUT HOW SEXY MY MOVEMENTS MUST HAVE BEEN TO HIM.

BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH AND I THREW MYSELF ON HIS COCK, RAGING WITH DESIRE.



I STROKED IT, I SUCKED IT, I LICKED IT.



I SWALLOWED IT, I RUBBED IT, I NIBBLED IT.

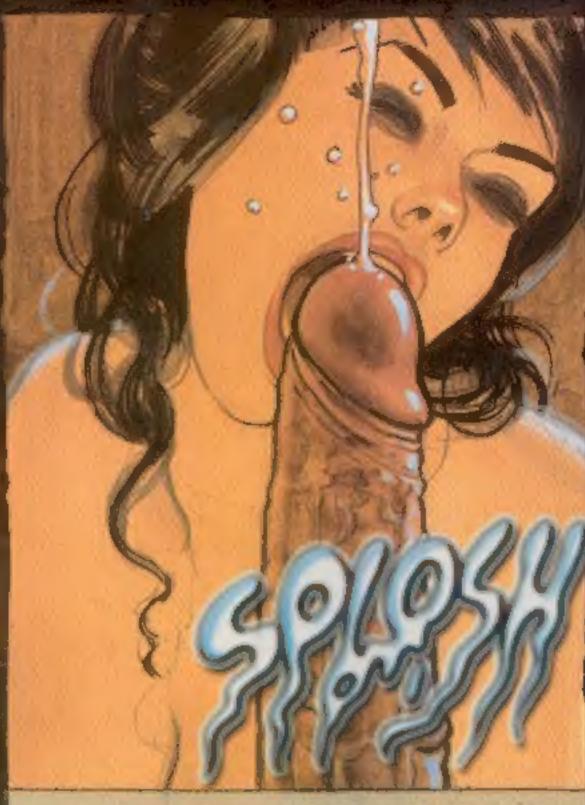
AND A MIRACLE
OCCURRED. HIS DICK
STARTED GROWING IN
MY MOUTH TO A
CONSIDERABLE SIZE.



THEN IT KEPT GROWING UNTIL IT WAS A MONSTER OF A COCK.



THEN HIS SKIN COULDN'T STRETCH ANYMORE AND IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING EXPLODED INSIDE.



CHRISTOPHER STARTED SHAKING WITH PLEASURE AND WITH EACH SPASM, A JET OF CUM SPURTED OUT.



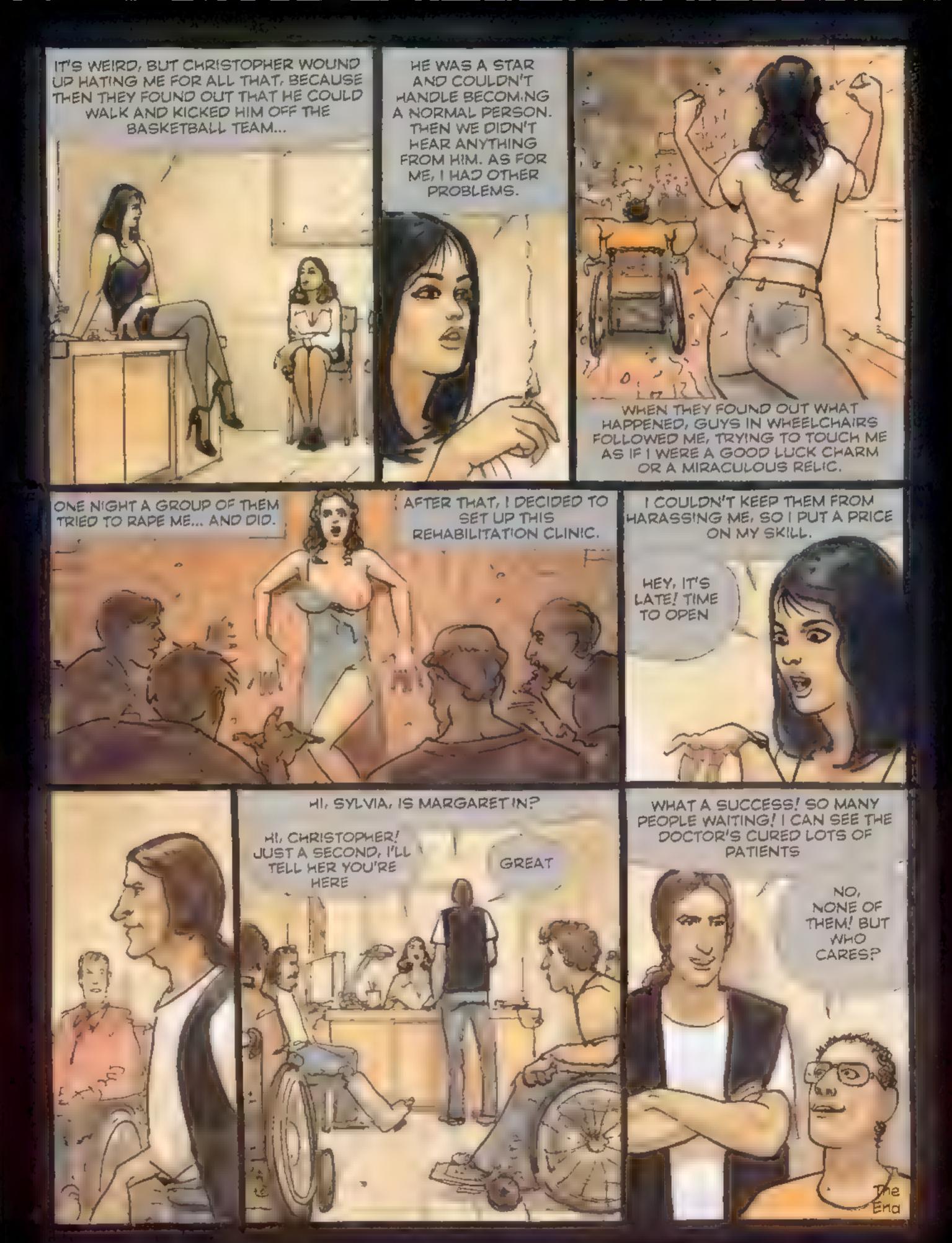
HIS JIZZ WOULDN'T STOP POURING OUT, AND I HELPED PUMP IT OUT WITH MY HANDS, MY MOUTH AND MY TONGUE.



...AND IT
KEPT ON
COMING...
I WAS
MIDWIFE
TO MILLIONS
OF SPERM
HADN'T
DIED IN
VAIN,
BECAUSE
SOMETHING
MORE WAS
GOING TO
HAPPEN.



WHO KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED. MAYBE IT WAS
THE VIOLENT HEATING UP THAT MADE HIS BODY
SOLDER TOGETHER THE BROKEN NERVE
ENDINGS. THE ONLY SURE THING WAS THAT
HE COULD WALK AGAIN.



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The man of darkness and shadows



Religion, sex, demons, surrealism, rock 'n' roll, strange animals, extravagant characters...the porn films of Gregory Dark aren't suitable for all audiences. It's twisted. elaborate and very forceful. His films sink viewers in the murky waters of sin and flesh. He revolutionized the industry in the mid-80s with films like New Wave Honkers and Devil in Miss Jones 3. today considered real classics of American porn. Welcome to hell...the personal hell of Gregory



Gregory Dark, the king of sacreligious porn.



IT'S NOT ALEISTER CROWLEY'S FAULT

Let's start with the beginning of the end Gregory Dark was born in a Presbyterian hospital in Hollywood, July 12, 1949. He was baptized Gregory Hippolyte Brown. His father was a strange anthropologist captivated by the occult sciences and the doctrine of the extravagant Aleister Crowley Plus, he sang French voodoo songs to Gregory when he was no more than a kid. He disappeared mysteriously in Haiti when Gregory was only ten. Later, his mother remain so, none times

CATHOLICISM AND SIN

His education was very strict and marked by religion. He spent time at an institute in Berkely, then later studied film at NYU and finally, fine arts at Stanford. These first years touched him profoundly and had a palpable influence on his films. Dark says. "My education was very Catholic That influenced me on a personal level and is something that's always been reflected in my porn films. I'm obsessed with the idea of sm, that you have to pay for it with something. I like it when women assert themselves with men and use their sexuality as an element of control to punish us. It's something that fascinates and tornides me at the same time.

"Sex is, at the same time, a pleasurable experience and a nightmare."

PORN IN THE SUBURBS

Greg Dark started thrung with porn in 1980. His tirst work, Hollywood Underground, was a documentary about the stripping business in Los Angeles. His second film was another documentary, Fallen Angels (1983), in which he cast doubt on the business of XXX films in the United States. Little time passed before his tirst totally hardcore films were made: Let Me Talk Ya' About White Chicks (1984). Between The Cheeks (1985), Black Throat (1985) in all 1 them, Dark X is a high a Arrival of the Arrival of the States of the

TWO PERVERTED BROTHERS

The XXX movies of these first years with the product the e Dark Bros. Is the attention Walter in Gregory Dark aren the there They met norm the filming of Fallen Angels Walter was distributed of port via sea d Gertenet 11 ets an model and scame part ets pit of the still sees were back and made There the rimette like the Ramones did take in their day and created their own company i make AAA tims the Dark Bros. The porn this prinot demons in de was vient at discours Title 15 I states ched the marginal underer in i tums of Abel Ferrara. Sex tack place in set aid decident bear ons. Walter was in charge of production while Gregory wrote and arrested The r f. ms were plasphemies extravagances internal all full with an all penetrations and were





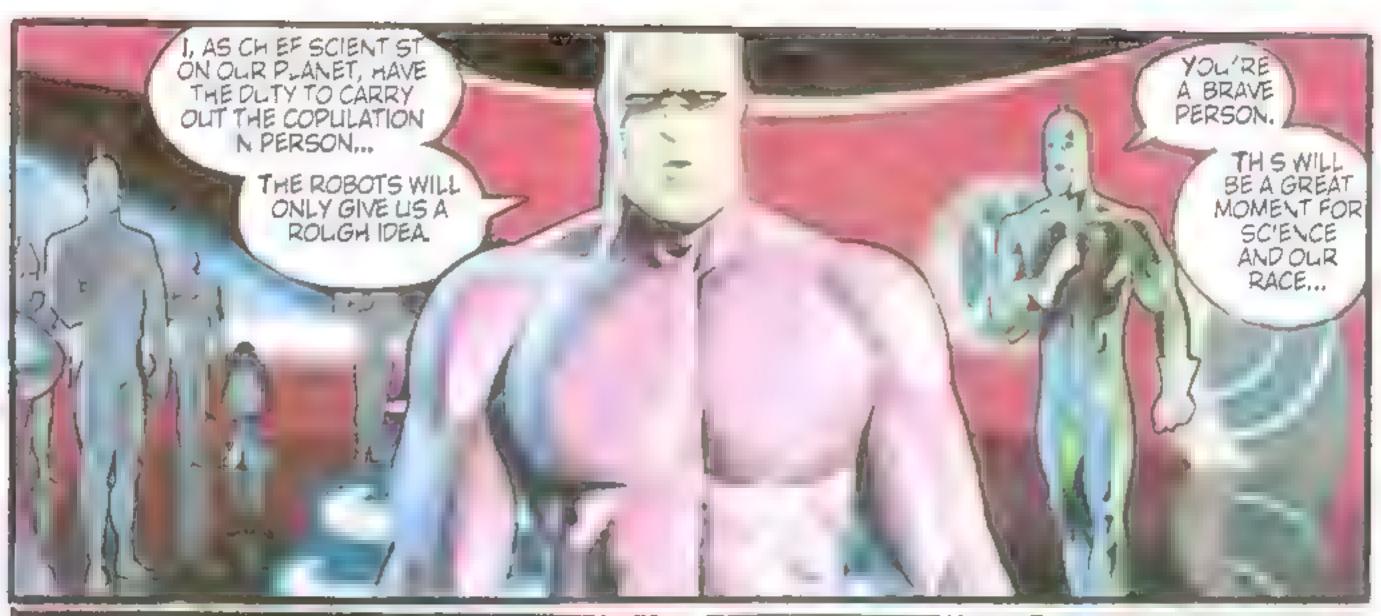






















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THE END

Under the counter

18-32 No. 18







LOUNGE GIRLS

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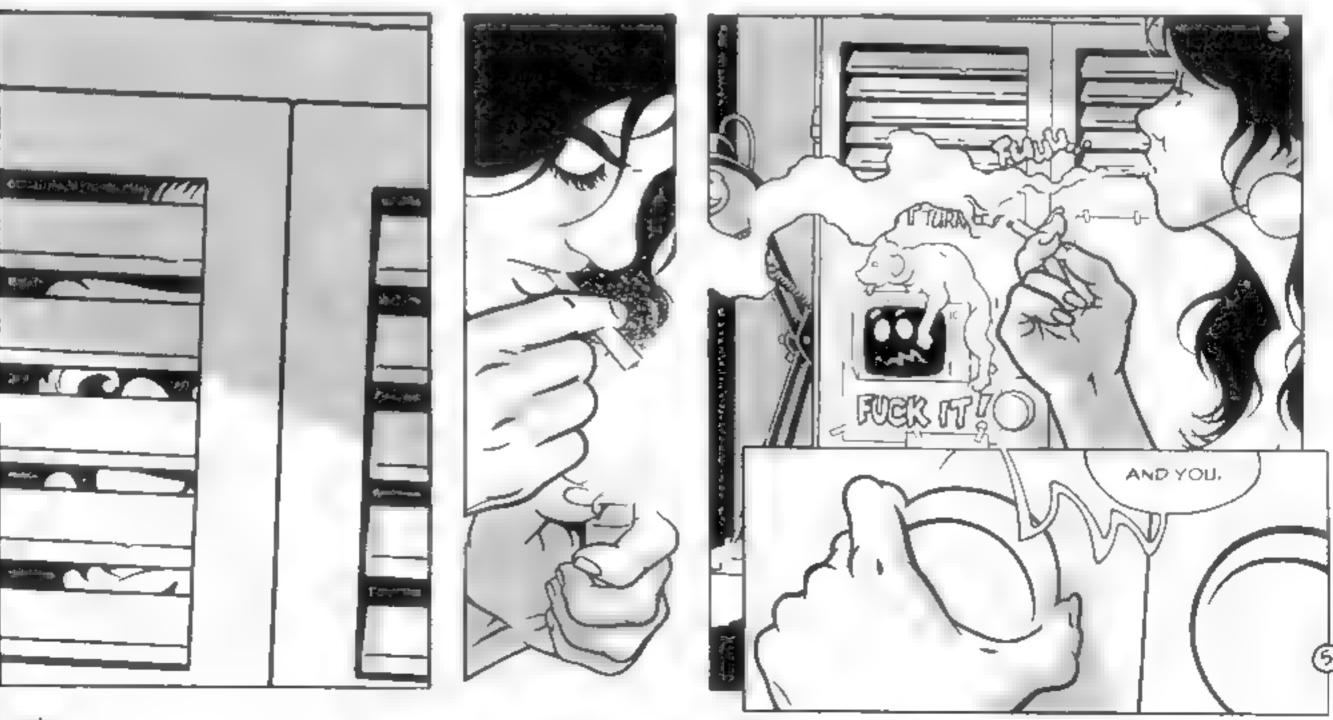




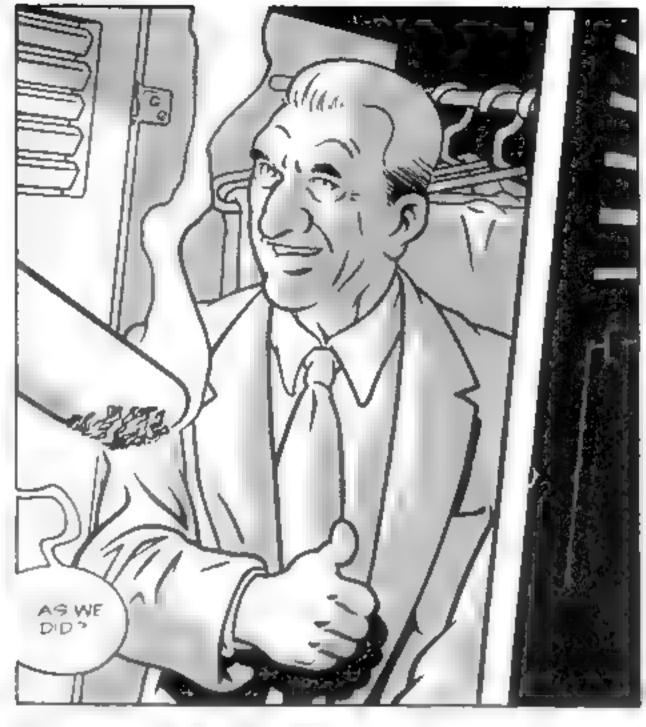














Under the counter

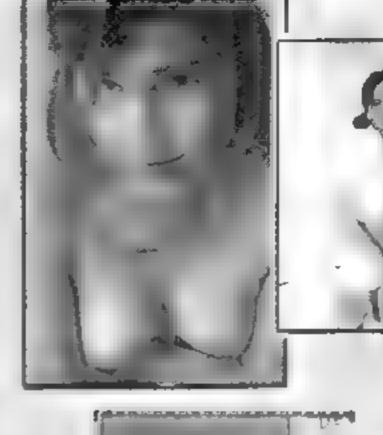
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EROTICISM AND CHARM

No need to lose yourself on the internet when there's an excellent page dedicated to nearby girls, those who don't have fake tits and aren't ugly or pretty, girls everyone likes. Mea Culpa is a Canadian site, founded in 1999 with the intention of showing off all the beauty of girls who don't get into modeling. To attract the girls, all of whom are quite young, they put an ad in a weekly magazine, with wording depending on the magazine (for a newsy mag, that all the participants should be intellectuals), and they receive them with all the warmth in the world. The photographs are intelligent and emphasize the best parts of each of the girls, as not all of them have the same charms. They don't get pornographic, and assure the girls, as a guarantee, that a makeup artist will always be present at the photo sessions. Makeup artists/bodyguards, maybe. The thing is, the page is great-There's more than tifty honeys on the page and each treats us to two photos of them, after that, you'd better whip out your credit card. But ready to pay or not, if you like softcore stuff, seriously, it's the best I've seen in a long time. I'll be pulling out my Visa...





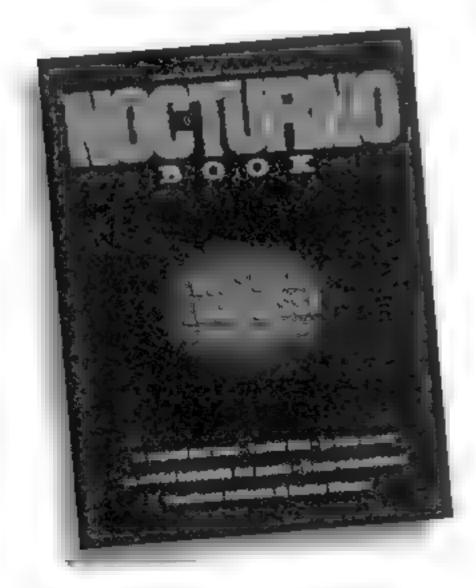




by Ruben Lardin







We've finished the most absolutely professional Italian fanzine around We're talking about Nocturno, a publication dedicated to criticizi ve and decriticizing genre films of that country. Cop movies, horror films, adventures Since it got into kiosk distribution, each issue comes with pretty complete. little specials from Nocturno Books, dedicated to a solid theme. The fifth was about what they call "cinema de proibito" or "luci rosse," which is nothing more than erorica and pornography (the red light is a symbol of XXX theaters). In short, we find these fun books wholly conform to sex in fantasies on -screen. The sexual revolution of the 60s and the Till vitt om softcore to hardcore, articles on Radley Metzger (complete with interview) and Tinto Brass, fem ite stars who would have stopped with fast cinema, or questions more specific like the story of the weekly mare inc. Le Ore, a publication dedicated to political, cultural and currencourt is pies derived from the gynecological. The edition doesn't have a particular focus but contains fascinating facts, first-hand information and nterest ne revisions for fans. The edition closes with a portfolio of the work of photographer Gianfranco Salis, in which Claudia Koll, Ilona-Cicciolina-Staller, Moana Pozzi and the splendid Serena Grandi shine

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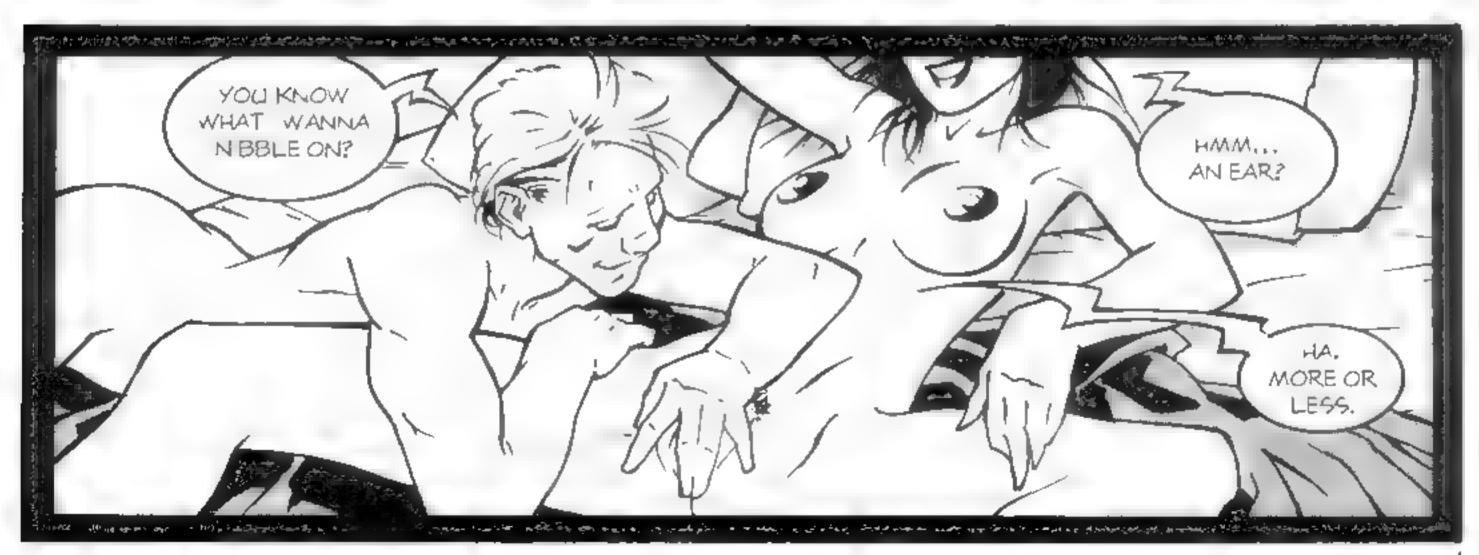






















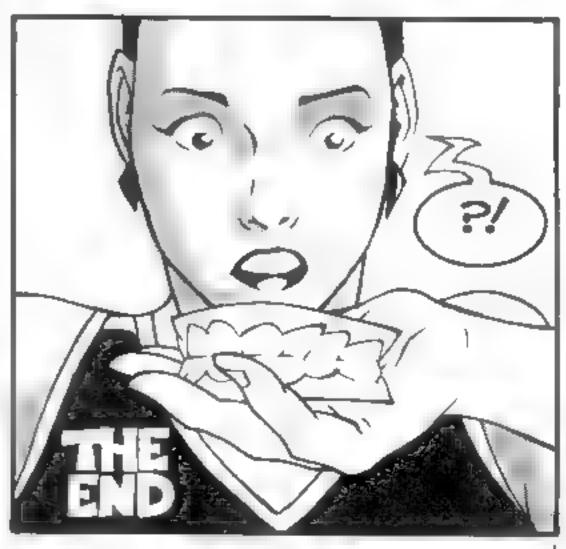














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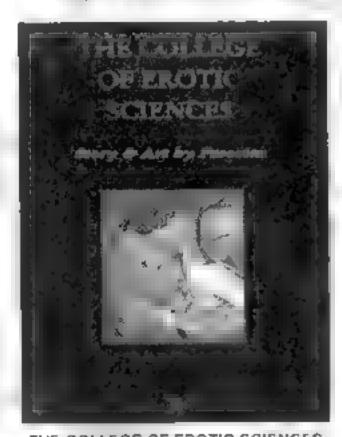
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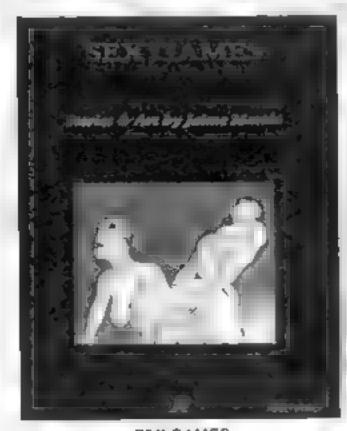
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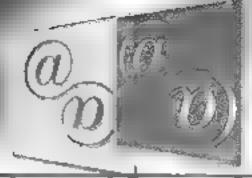








Pleasures of the Mail



by Walter Pacifico

Definitely, after a long day of hard work, there's nothing like getting comfy, having a drink, grabbing a copy of French Kiss and plopping down on the couch to enjoy it, to cheer yourself up with all the passions that all these talented artists have drawn up for us. And of course, between each story, why not meet up with other readers for a bit and share opinions and ideas, desires and devotions. You don't have to talk just about the comics you've got in your hands, as some of those who sent letters that we've shared here have done. So if you haven't done it yet, pick yourself up and have a little chat with us, because the conversation's getting hotter by the minute, and I guarantee you won't want to miss it...

FROM: Joshvolt SUBJECT: Comments

Fully absorbed the first issue of your American French Kiss issue. It was great!!! Lots of juiciness abound, but I take it you want suggestions? Here's my "Top Ten" list:

10.) If you're doing henten, then you have got to have a tentacle sex story at least once.

9.) Okay, you have all sorts of illustrated sex known to man (so far), but you 'blank out' the actual (in picture) sex? I don't get it... We know it is adults only so knock that off!!!

8.) It's a comic book as well, so you do need the occasional chuckle. A parody of a curtoon series would be good... (Dragonball, Sailor Moon, etc.)

7.) While your at it, maybe superheroes (or superheromes) going at it as well.

6.) MORE THREESOMES!!!

5.) Lesbian action is always a plus...

4.) At least once, you should also show your couples (or whatever) having safe sex. Yes, they are fictional, but I'd think you'd want to show yourselves as "responsible" smutters.

3.) Maybe you could have your fans send you ideas for an upcoming story for your artists to illustrate (maybe even true life? :P)

2.) What about anthropomorphics? (No. that "teddy bear" story in issue 1 does not count) Yes, it's a select market, but if you've heard of Genus or Wild Zoo you'd know it has its advantages...

1.) Eighteen year old babes "CUMMING"

of age stones!!!

And here would be my questions for you: 1.) When do you start subscript. ins

2.) What is your policy on artistic submissions? Should I send you anything? (Somewhat

of an amateur artist, but would be curious as to your format) Joshvolt

Man, that's a detailed analysis, and none of it's whiny, either! Thanks, Josh! Let's start with your "Top Ten," from end to beginning, briefly, or we'll run out of

space!

10) Ten? Tentacles? You can't be serious. ;) 9.) At this point, you can see that we don't censor anything in real photos, or in anything else...it's just that some of the photos we use have already been censored when we get them, in which case there's nothing we can do... 8.) and 7.) Parodies? Nah! We're trying to keep the magazine fresh and original and parodies are always kind of cheap and easy...or at least that's how we see it. 6.) and 5.) Well, there's space for everything. as you've already had the chance to see. 4.) Your suggestion's been noted, but we leave story ideas up to the artists, who always have the last word about how they want their characters to fuck around. 3.) Plus, in addition to the last word, they're pretty possessive about their own stories, but we could see... And, we can always fit in some real anecdotes in this section. 2.) Hey, what do you have against the "Teddy Bear" story in our first issue? 1.) Hey, man, only if they're legal...

And as to your questions: 1.) We'll repeat it for the forgetful: you can subscribe online at www.midtownerotica.com, and 2.) We're open to all submissions, although, because of the amount of material we receive, we can't respond to all unsolicited work. In addition, send copies, never originals. As far as the kinds of stories and their lengths, there's no better example than this here mag to give you an idea of what we're looking for.

FROM: Justin **SUBJECT:** Fantasies

Hi, Walter.

I hope my letter brings you as much happiness as we all feel reading French Kiss and your section. The magazine is magnificent and balanced and the work of the artists and story writers is fantastic (it's very clear to readers). So anyhow, I'll tell you that I collect all kinds of erotic magazines and XXX stuff and I'm sure that your section was going to turn into a place for people ready to live out their sexual fantasies. I'll tell you a little about myself: I live in Chicago, I eat up erotica, I'm blond and

my hair falls to my waist, I'm 6 feet tall and weigh 170 pounds. I'm a professional painter and artist, and I'm also a guitarist in a rock band. As I'm sure you can understand, I'm a young guy whose life has gotten complicated by his outside interests. Here, because people can be so uptight, there's not too many people who get me or the stuff I like. Anyhow, I'm writing to see if someone would like to write and share their craziest fantasies and sexual experiences. I'd love to read what people have to say. Big kisses all over.

We're thrilled to hear that you like the magazine so much and we wish you the best with your artistic projects. As far as you asking the readers to share their fantasies and sexual experiences, it sounds great to us...so great that I'd tell you that there's already someone who's heading in the direction you were talking about. Or, just check out the following e-mail, check it out!

FROM: Lucy R. SUBJECT: Right now

Hey pals,

Justin

Hove your mag, but I'm not actually writing y'all to tell you that. What I really want to tell you is that at this very moment as I type these lines, I'm masturbating

I'll let you go so I can finish my task

undisturbed.

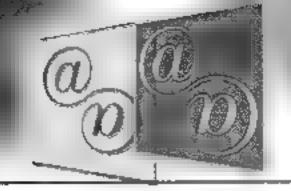
Just wanted you to know XOXO, Lucy R.

H-hey... Just one word: Wow

FROM: Elisa SUBJECT: Better by the day

Hey guys,

I'm another girl who reads French Kiss (it seems there's a few of us) and I'm not going to write about any fantasies I have so that you won't be flooded with all kinds of horny responses. Congratulations to you for the great mag, and right now, especially to Ferocius for his latest stories, which I find as sensual as they are bittersweet and tender. I loved them Please, keep on including work by this marvelous author. In addition to being a Kisser. I'm an illustration fanatic and the covers of French Kiss really caught



my eye. I'm especially impressed with Carlos Diez! Well, I hope that you keep whipping up all the passions that you've woken up in your fans and I pray that more girls will write in, too, but more than anything, that they read the comics and don't feel embarrassed to admit it...even though there's guys who I'm sure deny it. We'll see. Do we like sex or not?

Bye, Elisa

P.S. I'd love if at the beginning of every story, in just a little comer, if you'd include a photo of the author, so that we can see what they look like...

We love it, we love it, and we've got no reason to b.s. you, we love open letters like yours. That's why we keep publishing Ferocius's work and keep offering you the best work as much as we can. And fear not, because besides combining raw sensuality and tenderness, as you said,

Ferocius is a prolific artist, so there's no need to panic when things heat up more and more with the erotic sagas of this sensational Chilean author. For more info about Carlos Díez, check out: www.carlosdiez.com

FROM: Z. SUBJECT: More and more

Hey to all you guys in the dark zone, possessors of the victory of the flesh, of the sensual pleasures, hello Walter. I've just gone back to rereading your pages after a bit of a break (obligations of the carnal sort), and I've discovered that each time, I like them even more. Congrats on this great graphic work. It's encouraging to know that you keep at it, issue after issue, with the greatest gift to the body and the six senses (the seventh is the one that perks up when I pick up a copy of French Kiss). Keep on the way you are and don't change unless it's to get even better (which is what you do in every issue anyhow). A billion thanks, guys,

A billion thanks to you, Z. We hope that your rereading our pages and you liking us more and more each time hasn't kept you from your obligations. If it has, then that's fine, too, because at least it'll be for good reason.

And now, dear French Kissers, with the fistful of change I've gotten for this section, I'm going to the corner bar in time for last call, 'cause the space for your letters has just run out and plus, you've still got this whole magazine to read, so get on it. We'll see each other again in three months, same place, same time. And don't forget, because when I get back to my mailbox and see that someone hasn't showed up for our little date, I'll be pissed, yeah?

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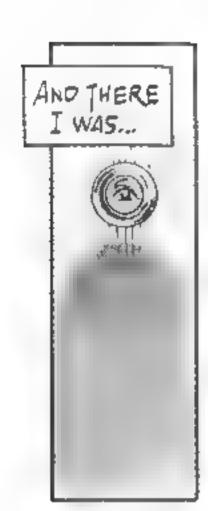


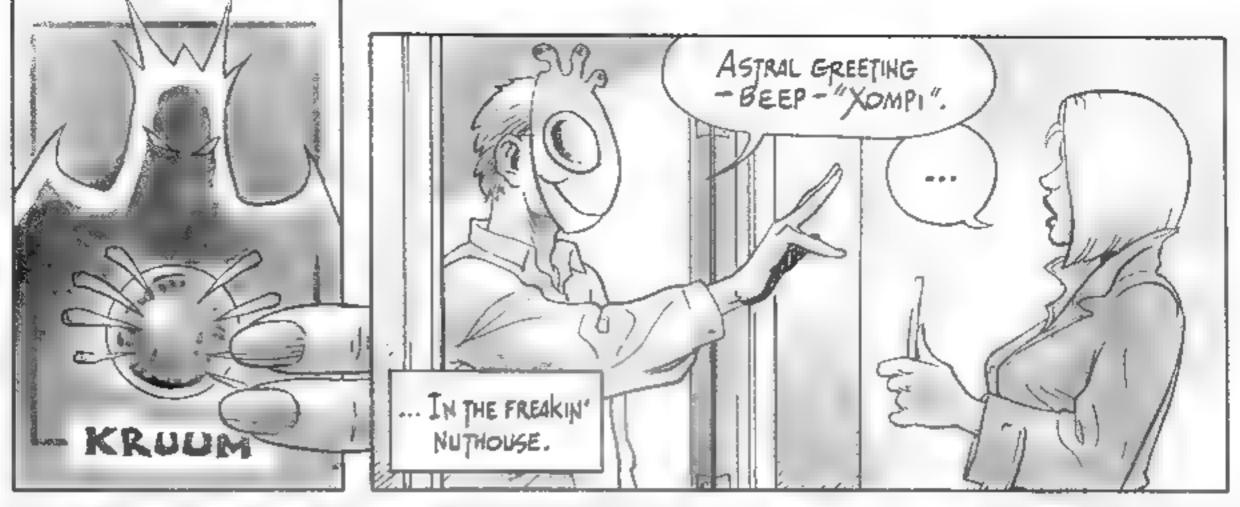
























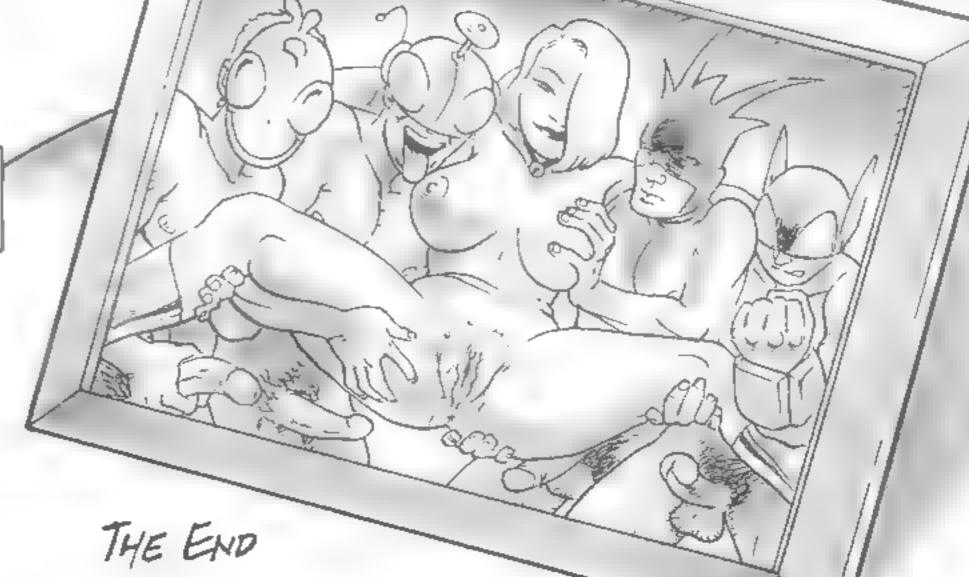




ALTHOUGH SOME DAYS ...

> ABOUT MY BOYS OF...

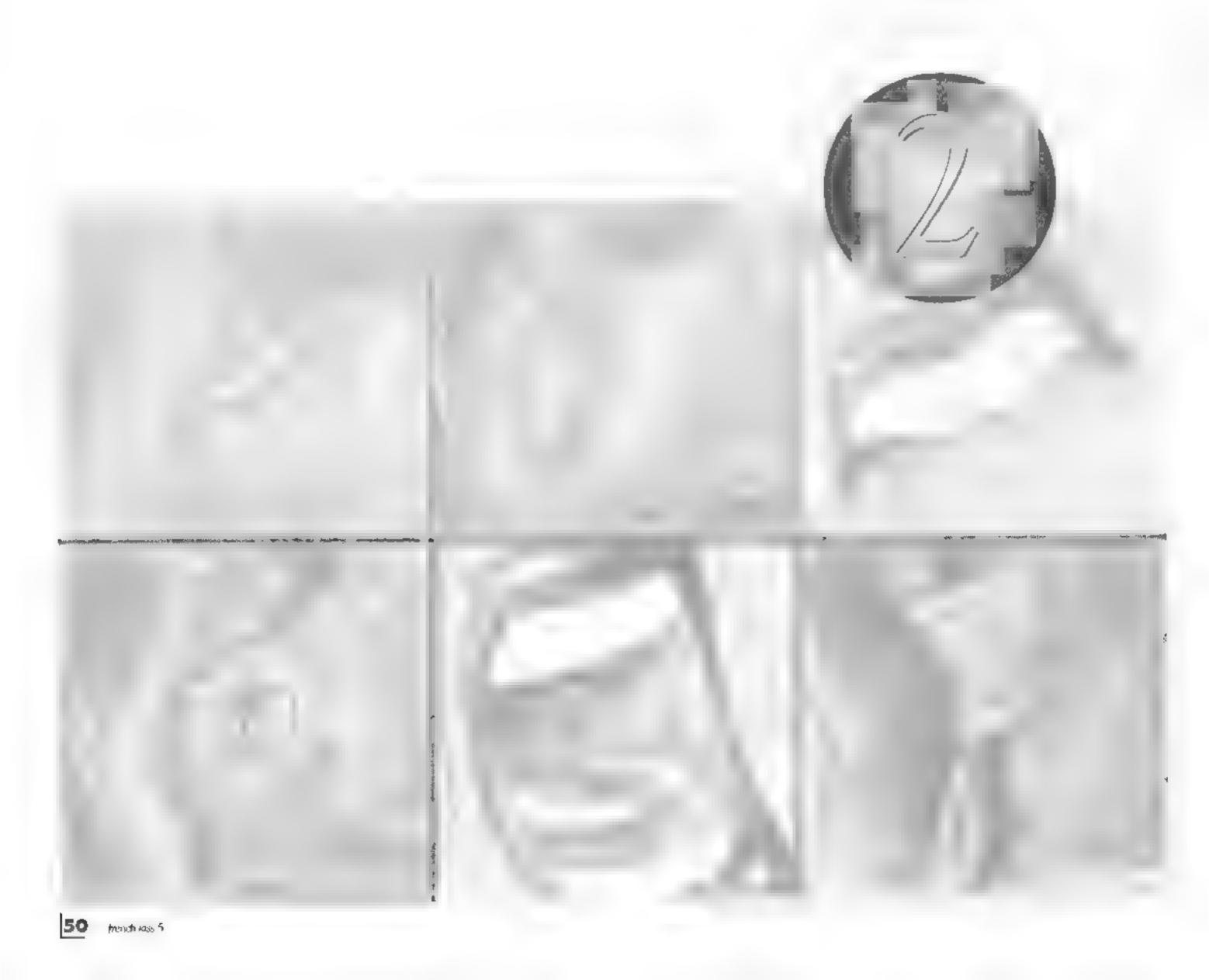
RED HGHTNING



Open Road

by Ferocius

Malcolm has found happiness in marriage. After a life of wandering, living in his old trailer and having hundreds of affairs with as many women, Malcolm met Melba, a smart, organized, possessive, and absolutely luscious woman, who tamed his vagabond heart.





I DON'T KNOW IF SHE DID IT FOR ME OR BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT MY LONG HAIR ATTRACTED THE GIRLS. I HATED IT, BUT DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE I RESPECTED HER.



IN WITH THE DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE THAT BOUGHT MY PAINTINGS.



JOHN PIKE AND ZOL-TAN SZABO YEAH. 100 MUCH!

WHENEVER WE DISAGREED, SHE CAME ON WITH HER SWEET ASS AND SOLVED THE PROBLEM.



EVERYTHING WAS GOING FINE GORGEOUS VIEWS AT MY WIN-



DID YOU NOTICE, HONEY?

THEY COMPARED YOU TO

















THE VERBAL BATTLES GOT LOUDER AND MORE FREQUENT. THE PERFECT LIFESTYLE DION'T WORK WITH BRUCE.

IT WAS TERRIBLE TO THINK THAT OTHERS HAD TO SUFFER SO I COULD "BE MYSELF," SO WE DECIDED TO GET A DIVORCE.



MELBA STAYED WITH BRUCE AT HER PARENTS' HOUSE IN PHOENIX AND WENT BACK TO TEACHING, MY SON WOULD GO TO SCHOOL AND HAVE FRIENDS LIKE OTHER KIDS HIS AGE.



ONLY THEN DID I REALIZE HOW MUCH I LOVED MY SON AND HOW SELFISH I'D BEEN. AFTER LIVING LIKE A FAMILY FOR SO LONG, I FELT TERRIBLY LONELY. BUT I HAD TO CONTINUE BEING "ME."



SLOWLY I RETURNED TO MY OLD CHAOTIC LIFE. I STOPPED CUTTING MY HAIR AND WENT BACK TO OIL PAINTING, THOUGH I STILL DID LANDSCAPES.



MY FEELINGS OF LOSS AND NOSTALGIA WERE EXPRESSED IN MY PAINTINGS, WHICH ACQUIRED A NEW ARTISTIC ENERGY.















Mondo Pomo

Continued from page 11

simply mold-shattering for their time. Their first titles ooze filth. A few of them became classics of new American porn, such as New Wave Hookers (1985) and The Devil In Miss Jones 3: A New Beginning (1986). But in 1987, Gregory decided to go solo and split from Walter.

HELLISH FILMS

Gregory's solo career is, simply put, impressive. He was picked up by the production company VCA and started to give free reign to his most twisted sexual fantasies. He became the company's star director and was allotted large budgets. Between The Cheeks 2 (1990), New Wave Hookers 2 (1990) and New Wave Hookers 4 (1994) became cult classics: admired by critics thanks to their technical perfections and defended to no end by fans for their scenes of hard sex.

DE SADE AND MIV

But once again, this perverse director decided to toss everything away and change directions. After directing the excellent Devil In Miss Jones 5 (1995), Dark split definitively from VCA and started his own company, Dark Works. His movies became crazier and more aggressive. He felt at ease and at top form, as one can see in films as insane as Snake Pit (1996) and Sex Freaks (1996), the very different Shocking Truth (1997) and Psycho Sexuals (1997). His obsessions and multimedia references mix together and twist to create his own demonic universe prostitutes, usects dwarves, surrealism, demons, expressionism MTV, cartoons, rock 'n' roll, comics, De Sade Georges Bataille, Jean Genet, Henry Miller

Deviant sex according to **Dark** women, demons and religion.

KARATE CHOPS...OF PLEASURE

And in the extreme, demonic mind of Gregory Dark fit all kinds of multimedia references and pop influences. As such, it's not strange that he himself goes so far as to compare his XXX films with king-fu movies: "Although lots of people think I'm crazy, the kind of porn I do bares a certain resemblance to the first plins of Bruce Lee. For example, 'Operation Dragon,'" says this genius of porn "It's about trying to make movies in the Hong Kong style, but with sex in the place of martial arts. They've got Jackie Chan doing kicks, but I've got Lovette sucking dicks."

"I like it when women assert themselves with men and use their sexuality as an element of control to punish us. It's something that fascinates and tortures me at the same time."

TWISTED SEX

Through all these films of the 90s. Dark made it clear that sex is the same thing as a never-ending nightmare. This concept has always marked his films as extreme, as has happened with David

Lynch. His porn scenes are twisted, the men dress as animals and the women fuck really hard. He himself confesses: "I'm really interested in symbotistic painting and search for a sexual equivalent. Sex is at the same time, a pleasurable experience and a nightmare. That's where sexual relations between men and women is truly freed, especially in the sex scenes in which there's a ton of people dressed up in the strangest ways, and everyone seems to take on the personality of the thing they're dressed as."

THE HOTTEST TV AROUND

While following his career in adult films, Greg Dark made everything else: documentaries for NBC, television ads, science fiction B-movies like Dead Man Walking (1986), music videos for MTV (not too long ago he was fired by teenybopper Britney Spears when she found out about his past as an X director)... and more than 20 erotic telefilms shot directly for cable TV. For these jobs, Dark worked as Gregory Hippolyte. Some of these films, all of which are very thought-provoking, include Carnal Crimes (1991), Secret Games (1991), Deep Inside Centerforld Girls (1991) Animal Instincts (1992), Body of Influence (1993) and Object of Obsession (1995)

ONE OF THE BIG ONES

Despite the fact that he hasn't directed anything in years, Gregory Dark has passed, on his own ments, into adult cinema history. His films, as much in the 80s as in the 90s, modernized the aesthetic and the language of XXX cinema. The most beautiful girls worked for him (from Ginger to Traci Lords, including Savannah and Chasey Lain) and led them all by the hand into his he l of perversion and sinful sex. There's no doubt about it: Gregory Dark is one of the greatest of all. It's not just us saying this, either, in April 1999, the prestigious magazine AVN chose him as one of the seven most important directors of the 90s. along with Paul Thomas, Candida Royalle, Michael Ninn, John Stagliano, John Leslie and Andrew Blake. We'll see if one day be decides to get back to directing hardcore



A Question of Numbers by Juan Emilio

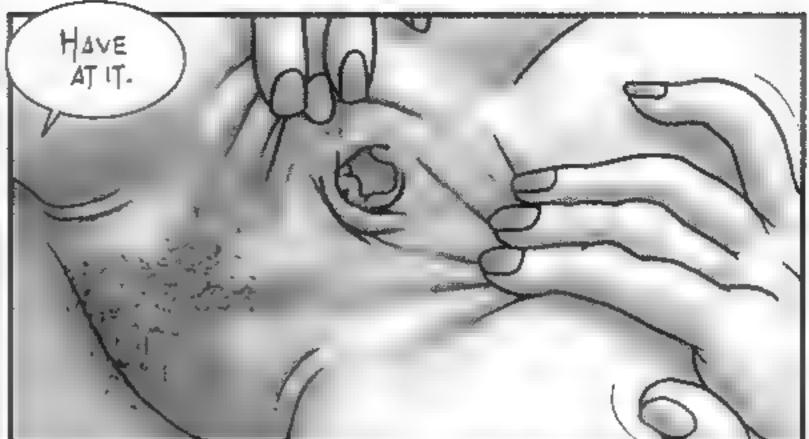


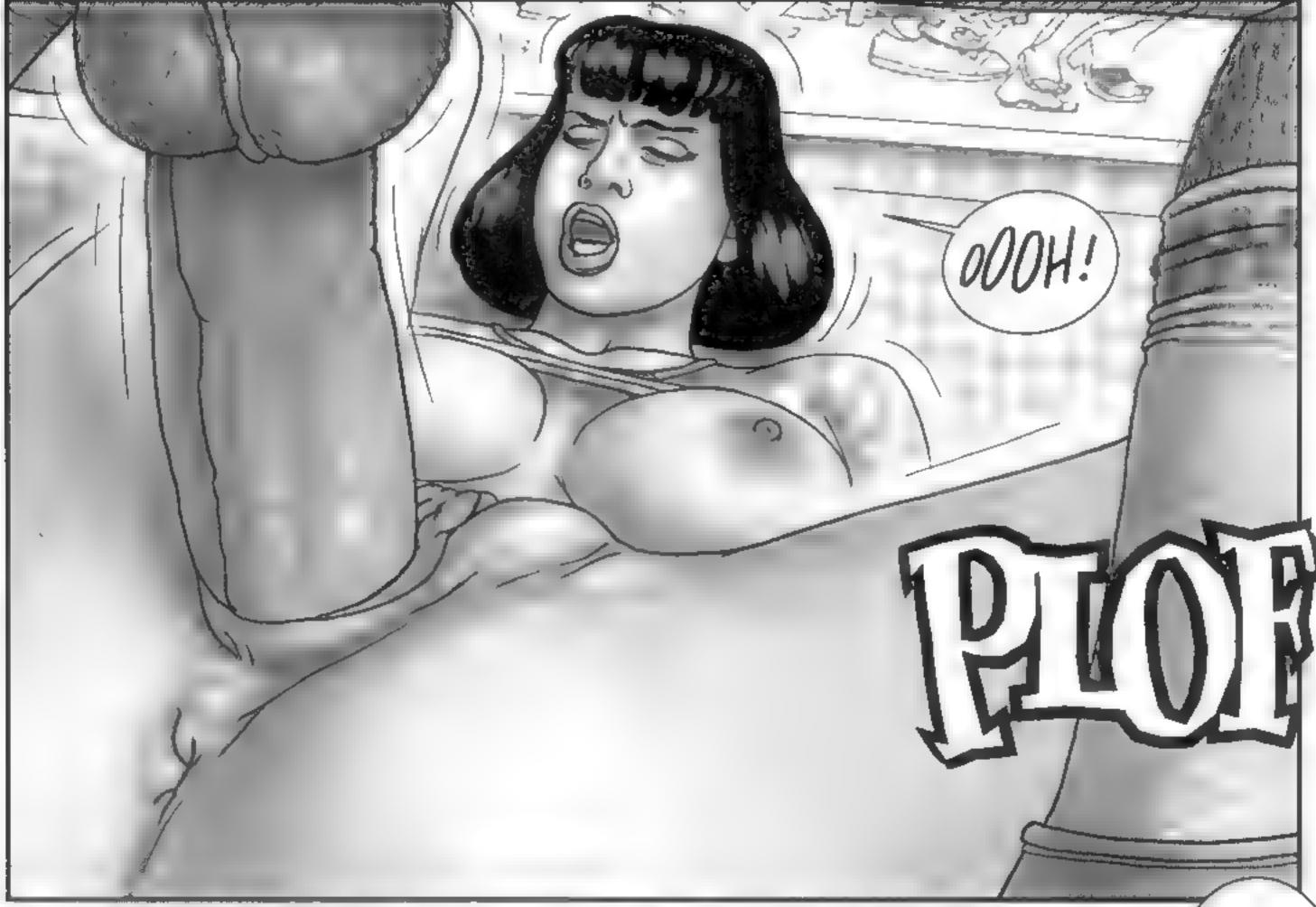














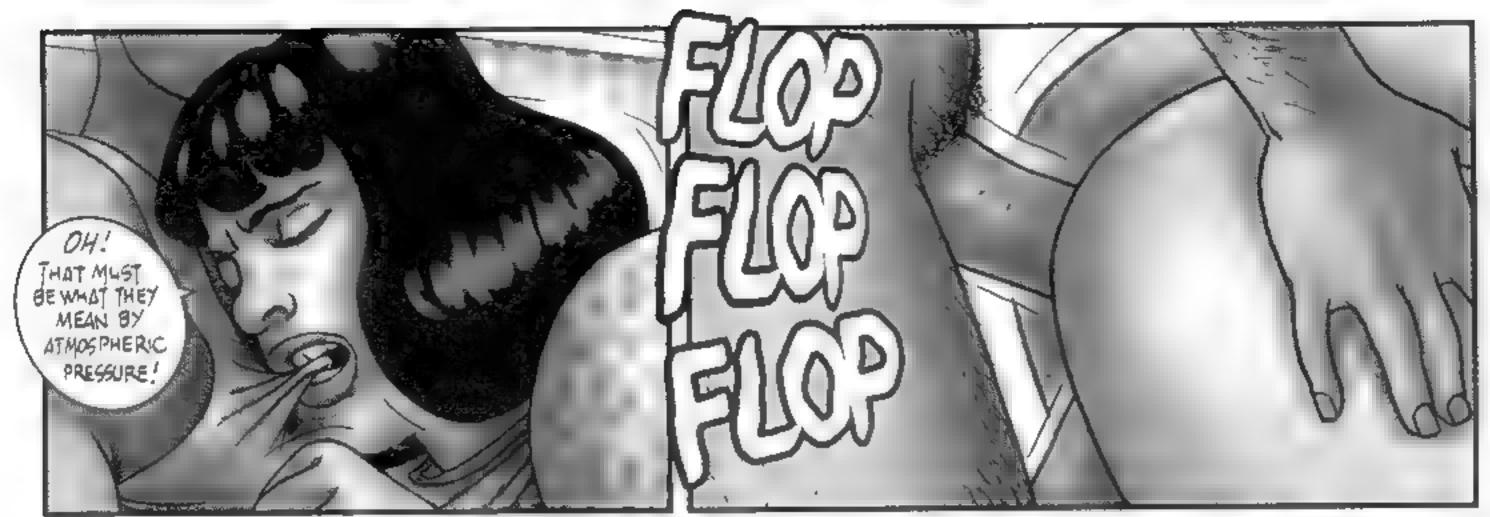




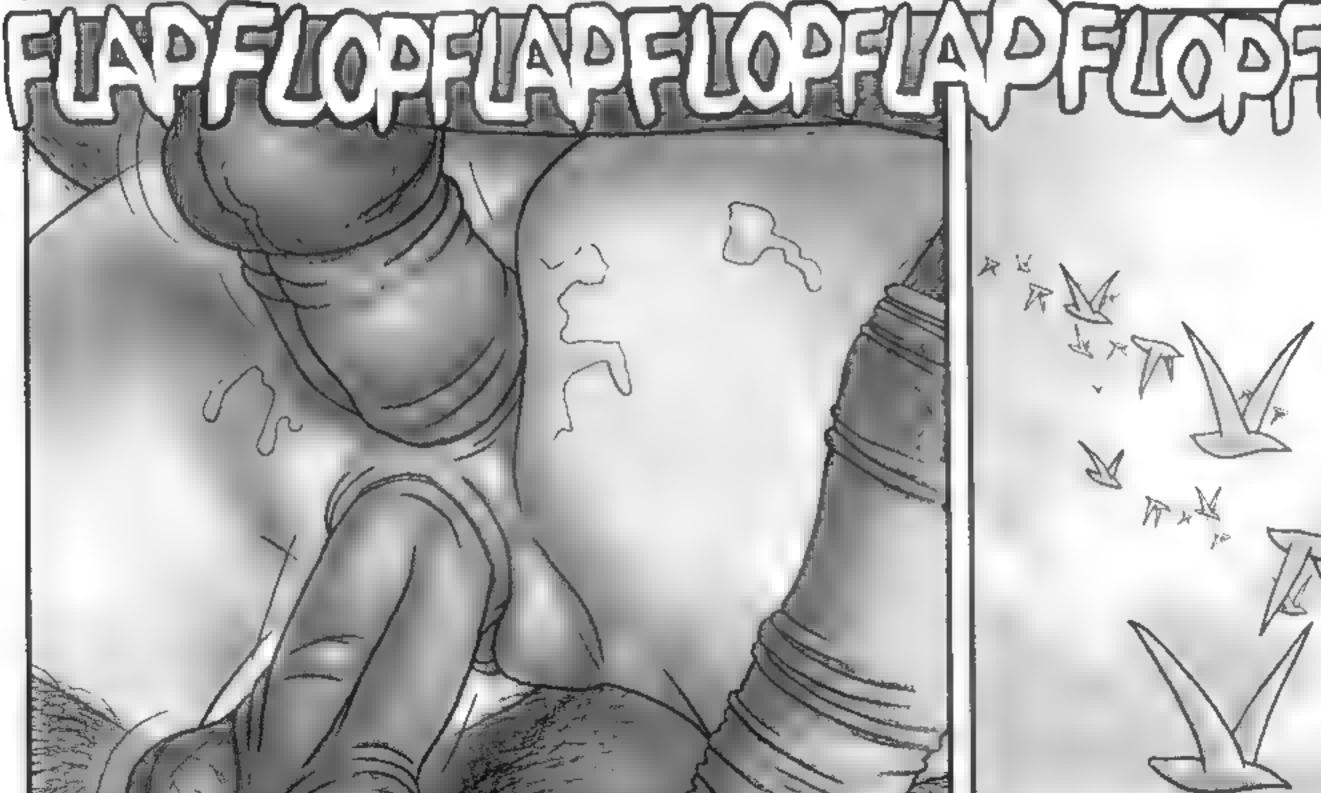
















By Spike Spiegel

The neighborhood wideo club

The girl's joking around with a kid. She had really dark hair and her torpedo-like tits screamed at me from underneath her shirt.

I don't know if I should rent Candyman 3, which must be the worst of them, on cable, or Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, which surely is awful too but at least is kind of intellectual

That kid must be from the neighborhood, and I'm sure he spends his afternoons here, flirting with the brown-haired girl from the video store. Now she's coming out from behind the counter and I see that she's wearing tight blac pants from the street market, and low-riding panties that you can see all the way to the lining. She walks around the shop and stops at the Joor, staring into the street. Occasionally she half-closes her eyes as if to look at something far away, she seems nearsighted, but I think she's pretending to move her attention from inside the store so that I can keep on concentrating on her ass. And I think about the chubby-cheeked Polyphemus of Appollmaire, "Look at it, I'm going to move, sketch in your head each and every carnal vibration; right now you can't have me ..." And I read each gesture and I force myself to memorize this oblique ascension and the pronounced valley of her coccyx and I could almost make out its fleshiness and I tell myself that I couldn't allow myself to forget these forms. And I swear to myself that they would be mine, through my eyes, torever

And right away she turns and looks at me a little and surprised me trying to pretend, tossing a glance at the back of a video cover and looking like "Wow, Margot Kidder's in this, poor thing." I didn't give a shit about the films. And her eyes smiled, but she didn't smile. And she tousles the hair of the kid when she walks by.

I get close and ask her for...for Pecker, for example, that hadn't come out yet, and she says no with her index finger, and makes a grimace without speaking, like "What a weird movie, but I'll flirt with you." She's going to crush me.

I go back to the shelves feeling about two feel tall with shame. How could I not. I try to perk up again and act the cinephile, without success, because I have to smell her and get close to her and I give her a movie, doesn't matter which, my club card, and she checks it out, gives me back the card, dragging it with her fingers across the glass countertop. I don't date look at her. She doesn't say anything to me, doesn't ask me for money or anything, waits until I ask. I think she's looking at me.

I play it cool, play it cool, and play it cool and think that I hug her and she wets her pants because I feel the delicious liquid dripping down between her legs and mine. Before I fuck her and I get nasty, the girl, she gets so hot the mercury goes up to my ears. My ongoing reality is that of my cock trapped, throbbing in my pants leg. My head subordinate to it, as always.

When I go to leave the store, I don't dare to turn around. Is she or isn't she up for it, I continue swearing I'll seduce her into leaving the store, I don't know why, because she would probably toss me out. What is this, what the hell kind of Margot Kidder shit have I checked out?

Now I'm turning around without knowing why and the way points to the counter. Although I don't realize it, she seems to still have the smiling eyes. Or more. She can't have read my mind, of course not. But a suffocating odor floats over to me and when I'm inches away from her face I tell her to close the store and in three minutes our bodies are thrashing together, twisting and turning, and I get down to her pussy at just the right time, tracing her

opening with my tongue and sucking on her clitty until her legs go weak and she begs me without saying a word to put my cock inside her, moving her hand and separating my victorious fingers, opening herself to welcome me in. And then I let myself feel her twitching hands on my ass. And right away I push her on the chest and fall to the floor with her to put my cock into her and fuck her fumously. We sweat and it doesn't look like there's anyone around. Not the kid or Margot Kidder or anyone. Her calves are trembling, they're mainstays of a long ago beauty, staggering with each moan. And later she rubs her self with her pointer finger while she swallows as much of my cock as she can, gulping and wanting to swallow, puffing from fits of choking that we provoke together. And I fuck her like she's a dog, and I open her with both hands and I let myself loose to slap an ass cheek that goes red right away while I cram it in all the way to her coccyx, finding a bath of sweat there. A small tidal wave. The eyes of the videoclub girl look tired since she went into a trance. But she doesn't say anything, she doesn't tell me I've chosen a stupid movie or anything

When I get home, I can't put on the Margot Kidder movie and I decide to get motion sick with fast-forwarding Girls Eating Ass, renting which was really terrible, when, in a decision infinitely more critical than smoothing things out with the girl, I went into the videoclub to complete my double session. After a while, I came thickly, without wanting to, in a pair of Kleenex, right as I was watching the most tyrannical image in the world, which showed such disgust, the shock of nausea, of a woman who gets cum all in her mouth. Weak, subjected and absolutely ready in her resignation. I realize that later.

With my man stuff over and done with, I get the video from the club of Kubrick's last movie, the one about the closed eyes, and for the thousandth time, I let myself be hypnotized and I laugh at the men and women. Until the next time one has to make me horny, she'll make a victim out of me again. Life is grand, holy shit







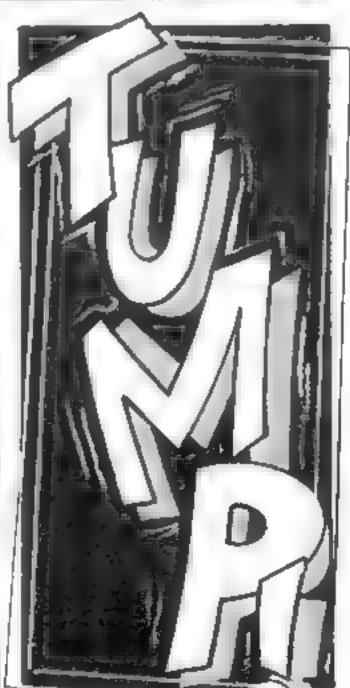
























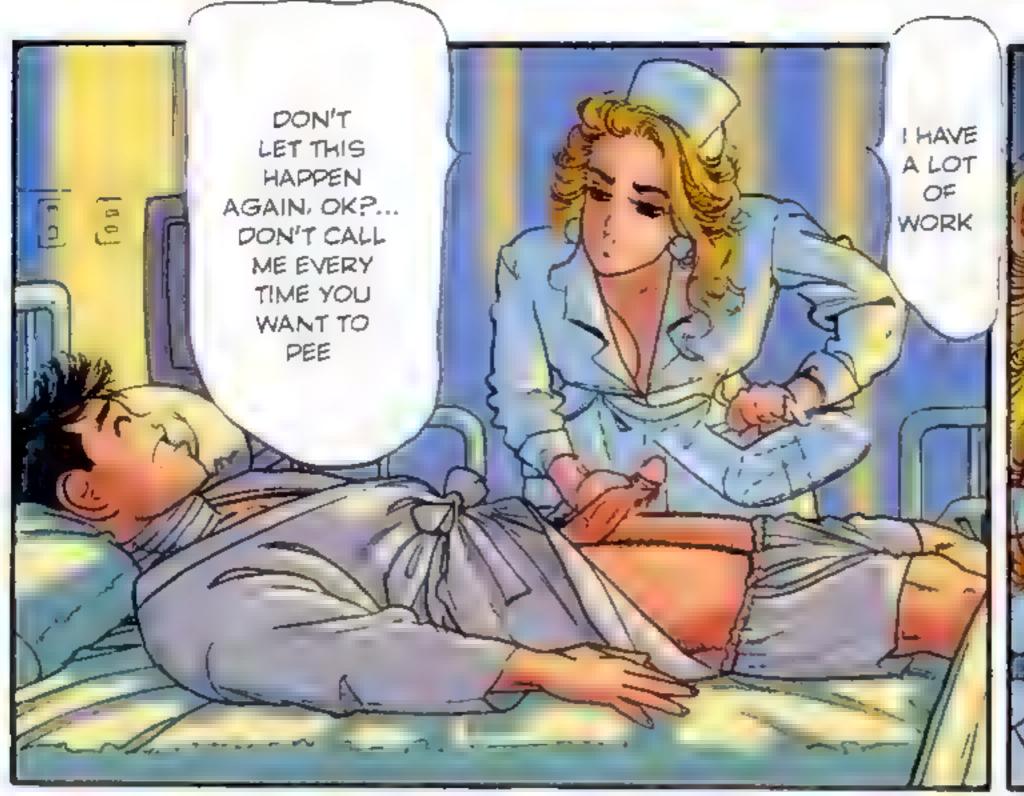




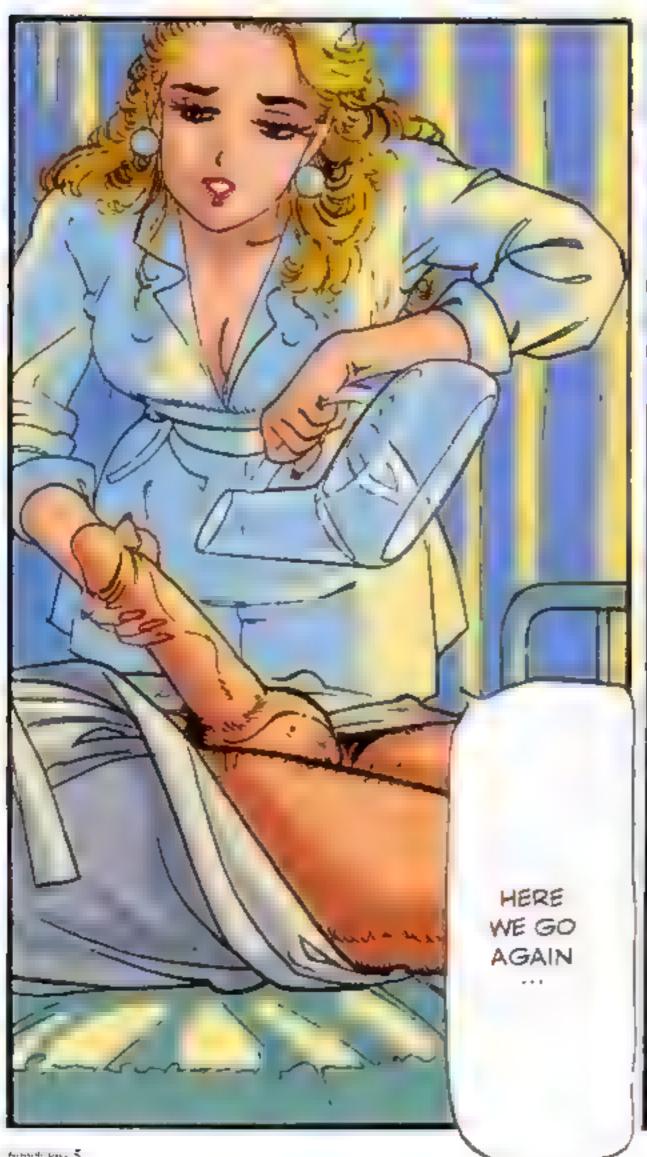














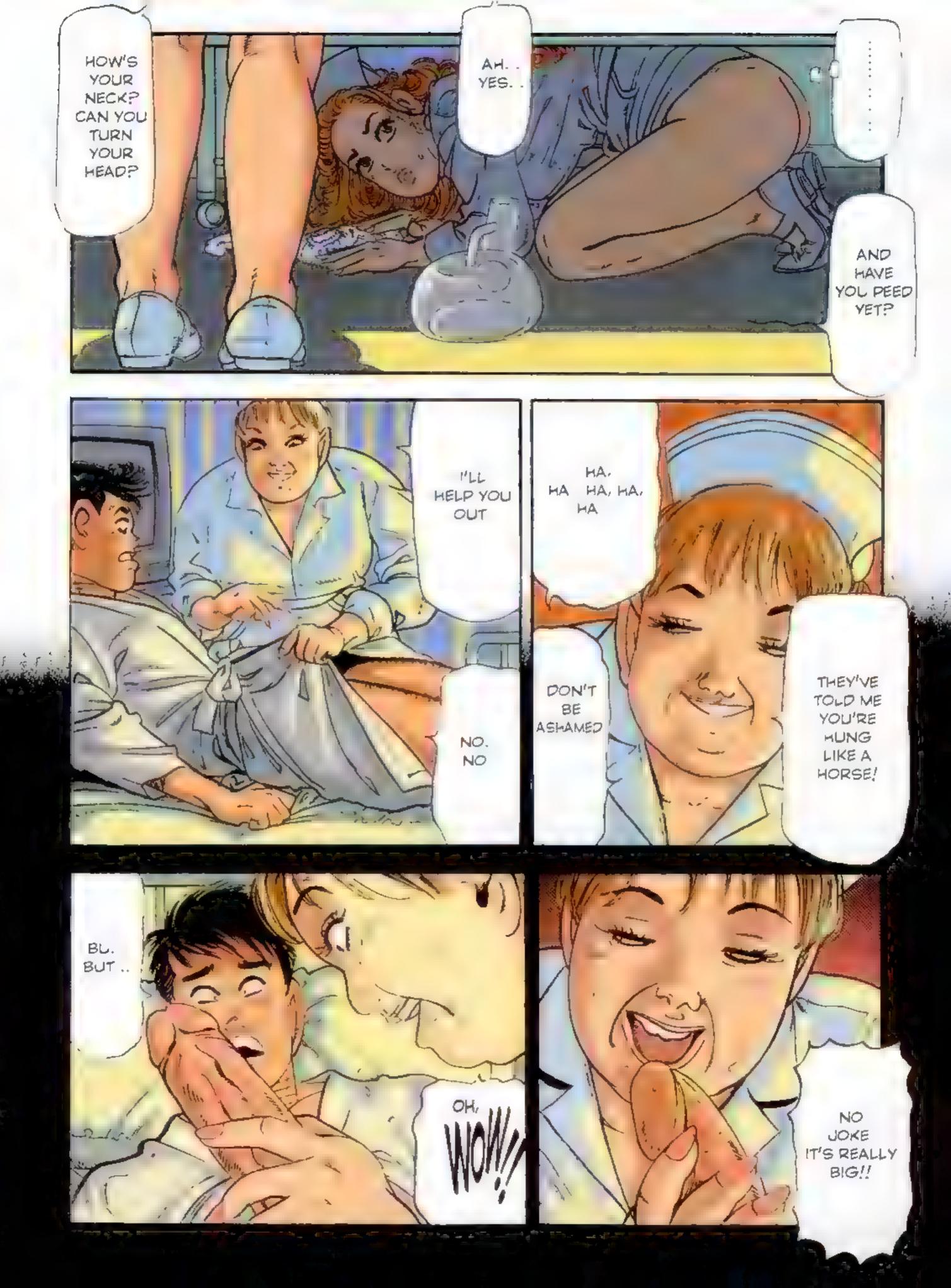












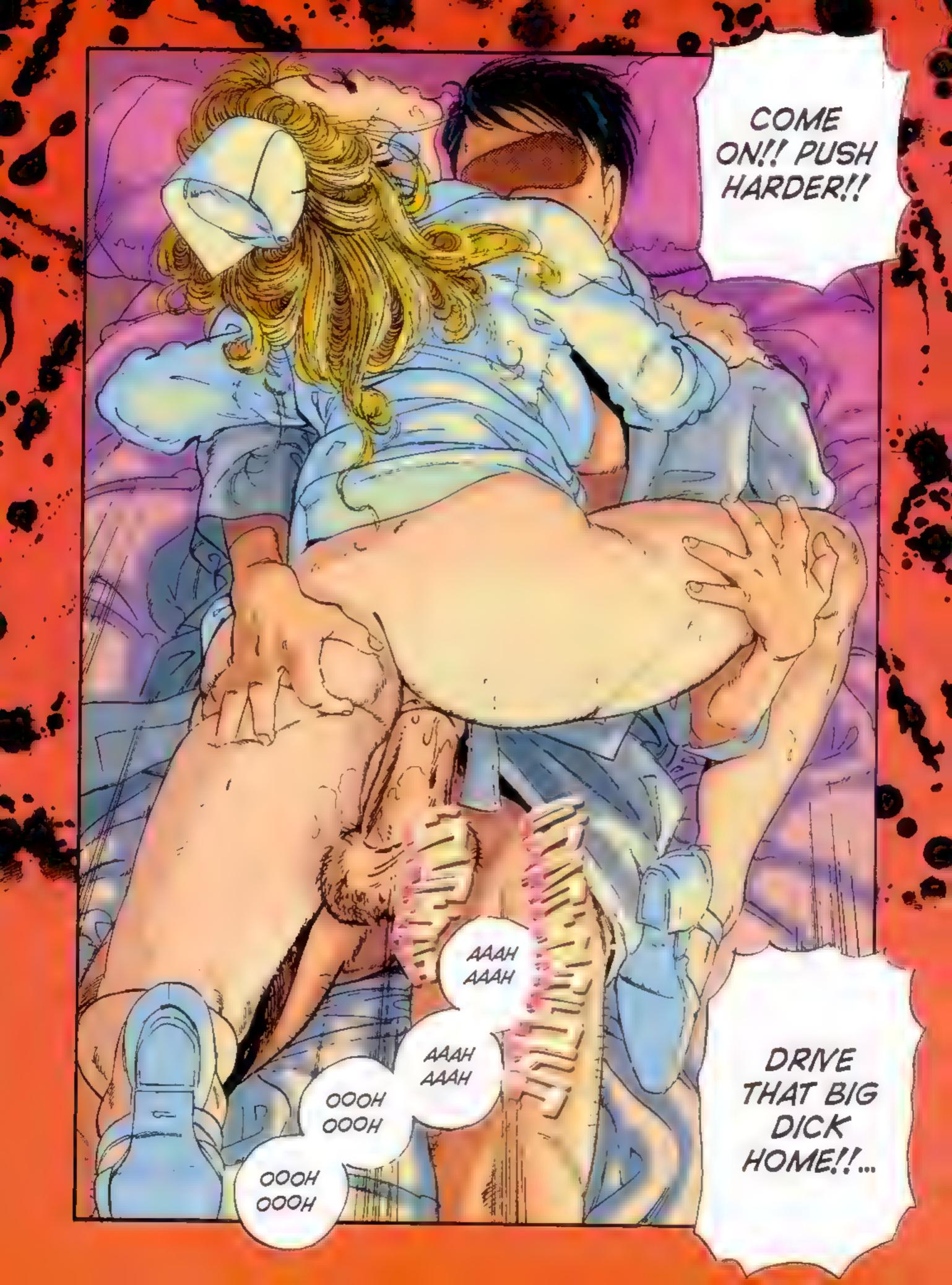




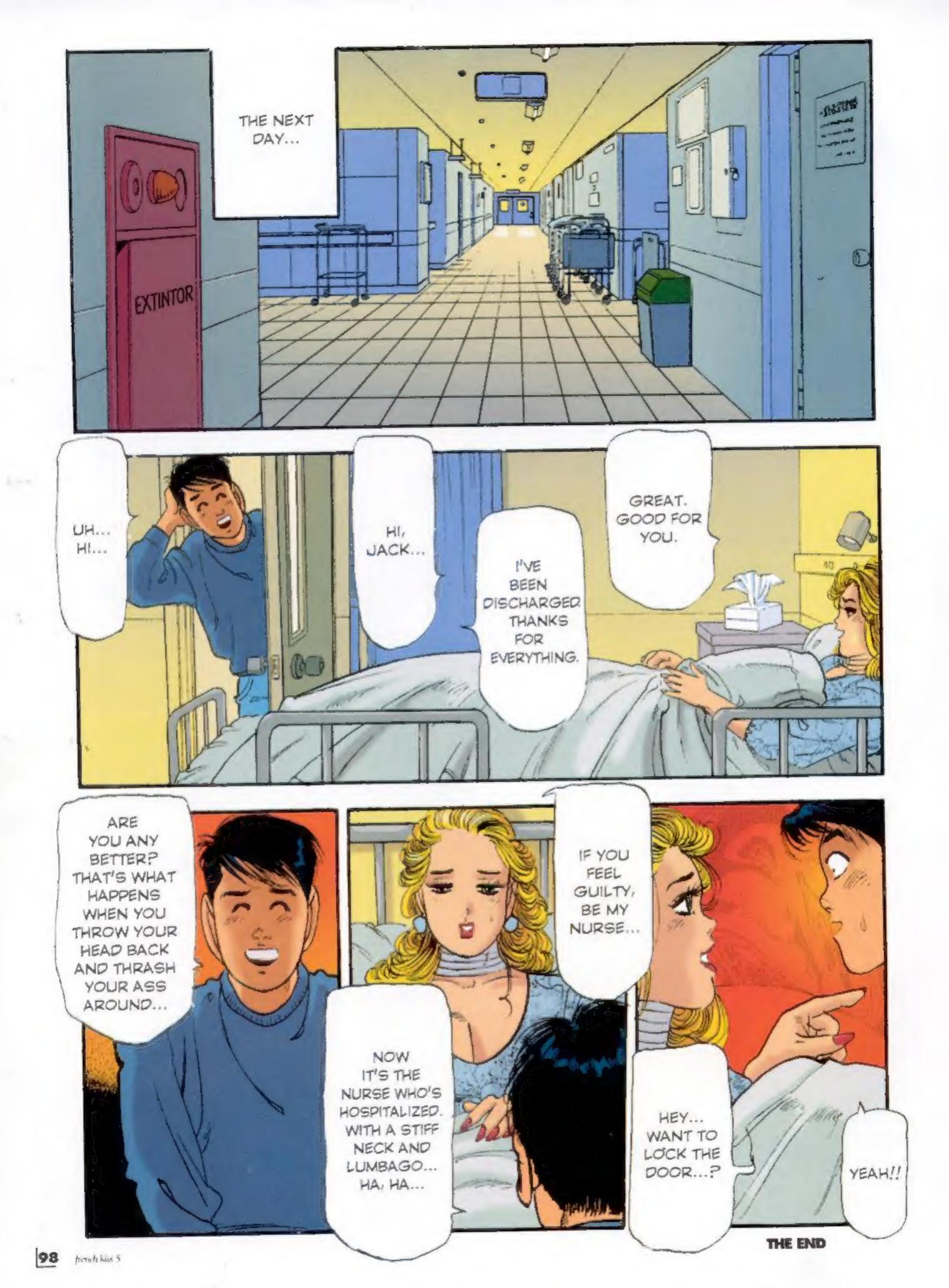












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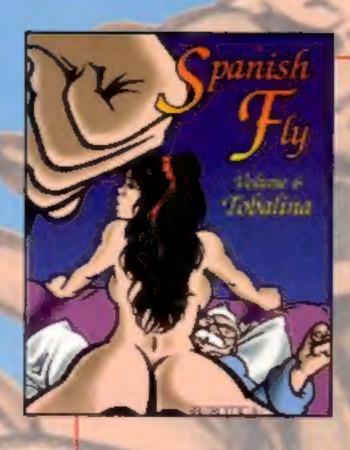


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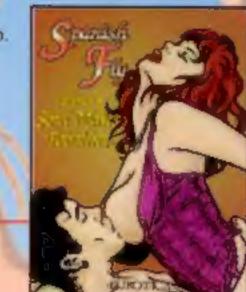


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